

The Coconino Sun.

VOL. XV.

FLAGSTAFF, MAY 21, 1898.

No. 17.

"BLESS THOU THE GUNS."

Hid in earth's caverns deep,
In the cold ores asleep,
Or in the lightning's thrall,
Force waits for Freedom's call!
Out of thy mountains old
Thou gav'st the iron we mold.
And the stern tempered steel
To liberty we seal.
May we thy gifts of might
Use well to serve the right;
And may our righteous wrath
Leave clear for peace a path
Bless thou the guns!

Not worn with ancient hate
We the first shock await;
Not that our Saxon kin
Hemmed the Armada in,
But that thy word may be
No empty prophecy:
That faith may rise, restored
By the avenging sword,
We out of peaceful ways
Turn to the power that slays,
Out of the battle's flame
Lord, bring us free from blame
Bless thou the guns!

Lord, at our very door,
Death clutches at thy poor,
And stricken liberty
Raises her hand to thee;
Lord, 'tis our task to do
If thine own word be true:
Thou who the stars has blent
In the flag's firmament
Thou who to Freedom's hand
Gav'st the new Western lan',
Thou who didst Israel lead
Forth, free of Pharaoh's greed,
Bless thou the guns!

—Meredith Nicholson in Indianapolis Journal.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

A patriotic veteran, who can rhyme as well as fight, sent us this from Baconton:
"I'm ready, I'm ready to shoulder my gun—
Don't keer what the fightin' is for,
If the gov'ment 'll give me a leg for the one—
The one it shot off in the war!"
(Hooroar!)

For the leg it shot off in the war!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

DIXIE FOR DEWEY.

Oh, de Spaniards blow, en brag, en bluster,
'Twell Dewey come, and jerked his duster,
En away,
Dat day
Went de Spanish ships forever!
Dey's some folks tell him, "Wait 'twell
Monday."
But he knocked 'em all six ways for Sunday!
En away,
Dat day
Went de Spanish ships forever!
Oh, Dewey come, and he crops up quiet,
Den t'un loose in a mighty riot,
En away,
Dat day
Went de Spanish ships forever!
He tol' 'em all dat he bou'n' ter git 'em,
Never knowed whut the devil hit 'em!
En away
(Hooray!)
Went the Spanish ships forever!
Atlanta Constitution.

ON THE EVE OF WAR.

O, God of Battles, who art still
The God of the Love, the God of Rest,
Subdue thy peoples fiery will,
And quell the passions in their breast:
Before we bathe our hands in blood
We lift them to thy Holy Rood.
The waiting nations hold their breath
To catch the dreadful battle-cry:
And in the silence as of death
The fateful hours go softly by.
O, hear the people where they pray,
And shrive our souls before they fray!

Before the sun of peace shall set,
We kneel apart a solemn while:
Pity the eyes with sorrow wet,
But pity most the lips that smile.
The night comes fast; we hear afar
The baying of the wolves of war.

Not lightly, O, not lightly, Lord,
Let this our awful task begin:
Speak from thy throne a warning word
Above the angry factions' din.
If this be thy Most Holy will,
Be with us still—be with us still!
Danske Dandridge, in the Independent.